

A
LETTER

TO

Father Petres

FROM THE

DEVIL,

Upon the Miscarriage of their Affairs here.

Son P E T R E,

Y OUR S I received from the *Infernal Post*,
After two Days upon the *Stygian Coast*;
Which did me both Astonish and Surprize,
Till Tears of *Madness* issued from my Eyes;
'T must needs be Dismal when the *Devil* Cries. }

I'm mad with *Rage*, with *Spleen* I'm almost burst;
Are All our *Plots*, All our *Intreagues* Accurst?
Was it for this I brought into your *Order*,
To countenance each *Villany* and *Murder*,
One who hath Power to *Act* as well as *Will*,
An inbred Proneness unto All that's *Ill*:
Malitious even to the last *Degree*,
Nor equal'd in *Revenge* and *Cruelty*;
Who when solicited to ought that's Good,
He changeth Countenance, it chills his Blood:
He from his *Gallick* Breed this *Maxim* draws,
To make his *Will* a Boundary to *Laws*;
Nay, his *Male Family* is not excus'd,
Whose *Moral Vertues* are too plain diffus'd,
Over three Bleeding Kingdoms, once the *Pride*
Of *Europe*, while a *Tudor* was the *Guide*:
But when the *Scottish* Race took footing here,
I found with every Wind their Faith would vere;
And tho to the First *James* I seem'd to fly,
Yet both the *Charles's* easily did comply:
When they drew backward or our *Will* deny'd,
We had a *Wife* or *Brother*, on our side;
True Friends to *Rome*, and each *Tame Monarchs* Guide. }
This *Bigot*, who to *Charles* a *Plague* hath been,
Him I plague justly with as vile a Q——

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And

And since 'tis doubtful how the *Crown* be gain'd,
 As *He* o're *Brother*, so o're *Him* she Reign'd.
 This *Delilah* Ufurp'd the Sovereign Sway,
 And Blindfold *Samson's* Secrets did betray,
 To that Philistian Lord, *Romes* great *Da Da*.
 Which thing succeeded to my Hearts desire,
 Knowing, by *Her* I should set All on Fire.
 I urg'd such *Beauty*, *Conduct*, *Parts* and *Meen*,
 Was surely meant by *Heaven* for more than *Q*—
 Made *Her* each Day render *Him* less and less,
 Which did *Her* Haughtiness the more express:
 No Council, Consultations or Debates,
 Either *Domestick* or of *Foreign* States
 Must be dispatch'd, until by *Her* approv'd.
 A *Lyness* robb'd of *Her* Whelps was safer mov'd,
 Which still on *Majesty* did bring Disgrace,
He bore the *Name*, but *She* assum'd the *Place*.
 I knew, when I had wrought *Her* to the Height,
 Proud *Babel*, needs must tumble with its Weight:
 And had *She* still in her *Carreer* run on,
 I'd not been safe on my *Infernal Throne*;
 Mean time I cunningly did spread my Snares,
 Of *Animosities*, of *Doubts* and *Fears*:
 That might *one side* confound, no matter whether;
 I car'd not which, I had my Ends in Either:
 Infatuating still the *Vulgar Fry*,
 While on Three Kingdoms I impos'd a Lie.
 That strange *Conception*, with a *Birth* as strange,
 Which doth the very Course of Nature Change:
 For one to *Travel* ere *She* do's *Conceive*,
 The Blindest *Catholick* will scarce believe.
 Yet *He soft Sir*, do's own it as his Creed;
 'Tis an *odd* thing, and *odly* doth Succeed:
 And I'm more pleas'd to hear you're run away,
 Than I had been, had you obtain'd the Day.
 I own your *Slaughters* had been much the more,
 But *Hell* by this will gain the greater Store.
 Had you been taken, All had been compleated;
 That had been Sport! to see the Cheaters cheated:
 But 'tis not yet too late; for *She* and *You*,
 By a just Doom shall both receive your Due.
 You must a Victim fall to th' Peoples Rage,
 And *She* Diviner Justice to assuage;
 Till which Time it shall be my daily Care,
 To load you both with *Horror* and *Despair*;
 Nor need you doubt but I will still be Civil,

Given at Our Court, and Sign'd by me

The DEVIL.